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All in one boat, and all bound for one haven,
That wonderful town, which they call Liverpool;
"Where a black cloud, like a seven-winged raven,
Hangs overhead," says Murtagh Toole.
Many a hand held a sprig of shillela,
And many another held nothing at all,
While some sat on hampers, and boxes quite gaily,
Some lay at full length, and looked so tall;
More bundled together,
To keep out the weather,
Like turf in a kitchen or gentleman's hall:
Thus did we sail towards rocky Dunleary,
And turning at last round the black head of Howth;
I sat down beside my old friend, Farmer Carey,
And seated the child between us both.
We sat with our backs to the captain's big smoker,
Posted on deck like a soldier on guard;
While at its side stood another small joker,
That roared like a bull, and kept spitting so hard.
"Musha, won't you be easy?"
Says old Mrs. Casey,
"And let us alone you young saucy blackguard."
"But is it any advantage, my darlings,
Upon the bleak ocean to fret or to frown;
Here, sing up together, like so many starlings,
And then with a drop wash all grief down."
Every boy gave a whack with his wattle,
And quickly the joke and the ballad went round;
With shake of the hand and a shake of the bottle,
Kindly the lazy night was crowned:
Thus children of Erin
To Britain's isle steer in,
As light and as noisy as cocks in a pound.
Och, doesn't it do any heart good to see them
Carrying sweetly wherever they go,
A drop, and a twig, and a bit of fun with them,
To cheer any friend, or thwart a foe.
Liverpool.

HUGH C——.

THE PIPER AND MERMAID.

Bold Conor Camack, from Mullinahack,
Played the best planxty in Leinster;
At wedding and fair, and everywhere,
Conor would make every shin stir.
One dark night in May, as old people say,
Conor took shipping at Skerries;
A town in Fingal, a little too small,
Harbouring boats and wherries.
When morning did dawn, o'er ocean's green lawn,
All grew bewitchingly merry;
And Conor, at last, sat down by the mast,
Playing his lilt in the wherry:
It spread like sweet oil from Swords to Baldoyle,
Made Howth look a something less gloomy;
Made rugged Lambay look pretty and gay,
And Port Saint Marnock roomy.
The stones on the ground, at hearing the sound,
Hardly could keep themselves easy;
And fine stacks of wheat, not having the feet,
Shook till their heads grew dizzy.
Then old Donabate first put out its pate,
And there to this day it keeps listening;
The old cow and calf were going to laugh,
And Ireland's eye all glistening.
And fair Malahide smiled into the tide,
The ling about Rush were delighted;
Air, ocean, and strand, became fairy land,
Wherever that music lighted.
Conor stopped for to drink—but what do you think—
One of the sea-woman's daughters,
Without more ado, or stocking or shoe,
Appeared above the waters.
Her eyes were like pearls, her head like a girl's.
Her cheeks of a hue rather mealy;
Her curls a sea-green, and her beautiful skin
As brown as a dry shillela.
Says she, with a look as sharp as a hook,
And soft as fresh butter or gruel;
"Oh! Conor," says she, "come under the sea,
And sup with me, my jewel."

"Acushla macree, light never saw me
Drinking the common salt water;"
Says Conor Camack, and shewed her his back;
He might as well have shot her.
"Aroon," says the fish, "if drink be your wish,
Brandy, or Hollands, or Sherry,
Or whiskey, quite raw, or fine usquebaugh,
To make your poor heart merry;
"Enough of each kind with me shall you find,
I keep in a bottle of leather;
Whatever, achree, is lost in the sea,
Or sent me by my father.
"Oh, Conor, astore! a shipful or more
Could fit in that wonderful bottle;
You might foot a jig, or drive a fat pig
Readily down its throttle."
"In troth will I go to see you below,"
Says Conor, now feeling soft-hearted;
And whack! with his pipes, like sea-larks or snipes,
Over the waters darted.
When Conor Camack bounced out of the smack,
The mermaid lovingly caught him;
And with a deep dive, all fresh and alive,
Both galloped off to the bottom.
And there Conor dwells with jewels and shells,
In a cool grotto quite shady;
With brandy galore, he plays evermore
For the cold fish and their lady.
Now boys of our land, join all heart and hand,
From Conor's example take warning;
'Tis very bad play to throw life away,
For sake of a drop in the morning.

H. C.

STANZAS.

I wandered at morn thro' the spangled parterre,
The flower-scented odours were flung in the air;
The breeze kissed the blossoms, and bent their sweet heads,
And the pearly dew shone as it sprinkled their beds;
The sun stepped in pride from the east nodding hills,
And shook his bright locks o'er the silver-waved rills;
The minstrels of nature sung sweet in the vale,
And the music and odours were borne on the gale.
So sweet is the morning of life's changeful day,
When the blossoms of joy, love, and friendship look gay
When hope sports delusive—when fortune seems kind—
And fairy-formed visions float bright o'er the mind;
Every scene of enchantment is friendship and love,
Like flowers of the garden and strains of the grove;
How dear and how sweet is delusion like this,
In anticipation an Eden of bliss.
I wandered again, but these odours were fled;
The spirit of Autumn had slept on each bed:
Where dew-drops had sparkled, the dry withered leaves
Lay tossed in confusion. The blast that bereaves
All nature of sweetness, had cast o'er the day
The dark clouds of tempest. The sun shrank away
To the chambers of peace, where the weary find rest,
And the last gleam of light disappeared in the west.

"We had originally intended that the present Number, with the usual Title and Index, should have completed our present Volume. Anxious, however, to render the No. with the Index really worth the price charged for it, we have determined on giving, next Saturday, a Double Number, price 2d., which shall contain, besides a very handsome Vignette Title Page, a Guide to the Giants' Causeway, illustrated with six as well executed engravings of the Antrim Coast, (five of them designs by Nichol,) as have ever appeared in our Journal. They are intended to be placed at the commencement of the volume, as a kind of frontispiece. In these Designs and Engravings we have spared no expence, being anxious to close the volume in a way which might afford satisfaction to our readers, and give some idea of the manner in which the work shall be printed in future.

It now only remains for us to thank our numerous Correspondents for their valuable contributions; many of which still remain over, but shall appear in early numbers of our next volume—some of them in the first number.